

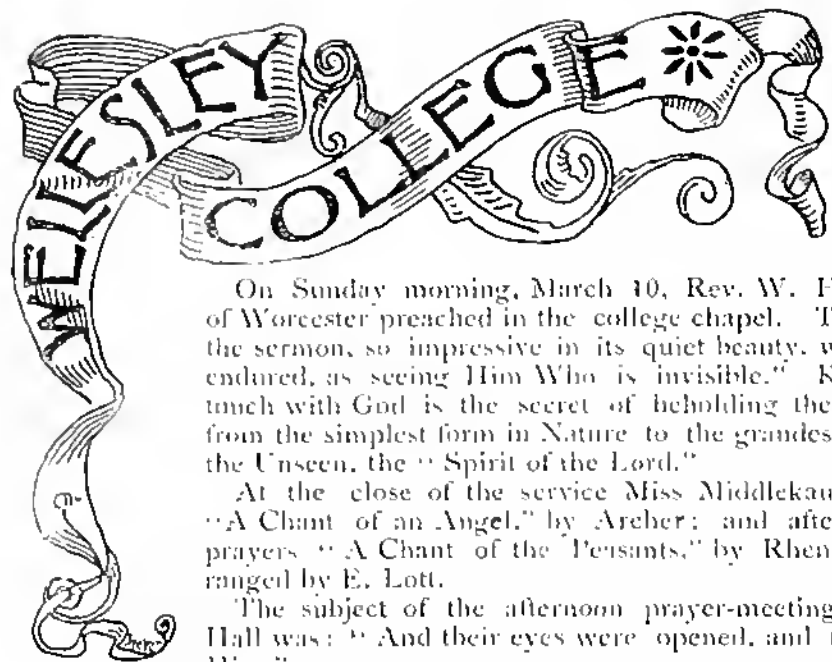
The Courant

College Edition.

VOL. I.—No. 26.

WELLESLEY, MASS., FRIDAY, MARCH 15, 1889.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.



On Sunday morning, March 10, Rev. W. H. Thomas of Worcester preached in the college chapel. The text of the sermon, so impressive in its quiet beauty, was: "He endured, as seeing Him Who is invisible." Keeping in touch with God is the secret of beholding the invisible, from the simplest form in Nature to the grandest phase of the Unseen, the "Spirit of the Lord."

At the close of the service Miss Middlekauff played "A Chant of an Angel," by Arber; and after evening prayers "A Chant of the Persimms," by Rhendano, arranged by E. Lott.

The subject of the afternoon prayer-meeting at Stone Hall was: "And their eyes were opened, and they knew Him."

Section prayer meetings were held at half-past seven.

The Christian Association.

At the hour of the Thursday evening prayer-meeting of March 7, Miss Patrick, Principal of the American Home School for Girls at Constantinople, spoke of her work there.

This school was founded in 1871 for the purpose of furnishing a Christian education to all nationalities in Turkey, but especially to girls of the higher classes who are able to pay for it. Thus the school is largely self-supporting. At present ten nationalities are represented. The language for the college course is English. The Bulgarians study also Slavic, the Armenians, Ancient Armenian, and the Greeks have a regular course in Ancient Greek, which is said to compare favorably with that course in many colleges. The Mohammedan girls study Turkish, and there is also a course in French for all. Christian teaching is a feature of the school, there being a regular course of Bible study.

There have been thus far sixty-two graduates, of whom thirty have become teachers. The field of work extends from the Tigris and Euphrates to the Balkan mountains.

Many of the girls who go out from the school suffer great persecution in their families. The Mussulman girls feel this most, as their religion is very different from the Christian, while the Armenian church is a Christian church, and the Greek and Bulgarian girls belong to the Greek church. There are now less than twenty Mussulman girls in the school, and none have ever graduated. There is a law against Turkish girls attending any Christian school, therefore the opposition of the Government is great. The school is not allowed to make use of the works of Milton, Shakespeare, or Scott, because of their too free ideas. Miss Patrick related some interesting anecdotes of the people, and closed by reading a valedictory written in English by one of last year's graduates. The valedictory was gracefully written, and suggested that girls in Turkey feel much as girls in America do on graduation day.

A short business-meeting was held immediately after the regular meeting. It was voted that a voluntary contribution be made for Mrs. Booth's work in New York city. Notice was given of the opportunity for subscribing for the American Missionary Magazine, published monthly by the American Missionary Society, at fifty cents a year. Subscription lists for this magazine are to be found in all the halls and cottages. Letters from the society will also be received and placed in the Reading-room.

The Listemann Concert.

Perhaps the most satisfactory concert of the year was given last Monday evening by the Listemann String Quartette, assisted by Miss Ellen Berg, pianiste. Miss Berg is a graduate of the Conservatory at Stockholm, and although so young and modest in appearance, proved herself an unusually discriminating artist in making the piano one only of five co-ordinated instruments. Her touch was firm, yet delicate and smooth, and her interpretation in perfect sympathy with the other players.

Many of the audience, who were wildly enthusiastic over the marvellous technique of Mr. Bernhard Listemann, were diverted from the music by seeing the fine, genial face of Wulf Fries glowing responsive to every exquisite passage, generously appreciative of his colleague's wonderful power. Mr. Bernhard Listemann's playing of the Hungarian Dance has perhaps been surpassed by only one artist, Remenyi, who is, nevertheless, much less satisfactory as an interpreter of German classic music than he.

Mr. Paul Listemann was pleasing not less from the ingenuousness and modesty of his manner than from the remarkable breadth of execution, shown especially in the duet with the elder Listemann. One feels like saying of this quartette of scholarly musicians as a famous *litterateur* says of a well-known singer: "She does not render, she sings!"—they do not render, they play.

PROGRAMME.
The Cello, Op. 18, by Beethoven. BEETHOVEN
a. Allegretto in non tempo.
b. Scherzo in G major, Scherzo.
c. Bruch's.
d. Allegro—Furioso.
Violin Solos. Andante, from Concerto in B Minor (for two violins). SPINER
Assisted by Bernhard and Paul Listemann.
Hungarian Dance. NACHFZ
Mr. Bernhard Listemann.
"ANGELUS" For String Quartette (after the song of the same name). LOTT
For Piano and Strings, Op. 14. SCHUBERT
a. Allegretto in non tempo.
b. In modo di marcia.
c. Scherzo in G major, Scherzo.
d. Allegretto in non tempo.

Cinderella.

We have to thank Miss Hurd and Fräulein Egger, together with certain talented members of the German table, for the chance to renew an old acquaintance with that most delightful of heroines—Cinderella.

What though she appeared under a new name, and told her woe or happiness in a strange—and to many—dis! unknown tongue? She was Cinderella by the signs of her sweet face, her tiny slipper—and, last but not least, her charming Prince; and for all her German idioms we loved her fondly still.

Before we saw her, all of our former interest in her story was aroused by an exquisite rendering of Bondel's "Aschenbrödel," and this interest became more intense as we followed her varying fortunes from the moment that she first appeared before us, "a maiden all forlorn," until the hour of her final triumph.

Nor were our thoughts for Cinderella alone. We surveyed in amazement the sisters, with their haughty airs and voluminous trains, and the much-be-capped step-mother. We admired that special Providence, the wonderfully made dove, and as for the Prince! his dancing, his handsome face, and his superb indifference to all but his "lady's love" won the hearts of many maidens besides those on the stage. And when, at last, he knelt

at the feet of his "Schönste Dame," while the dove proclaimed in musical accents that the shoe was *not* too small, our delight in the pretty picture was almost lost in bemoaning at the thought that this was the end of the story.

Yet we have left us a most pleasant memory for good acting, sweet snatches of music here and there, and faint stage-setting, which all combined to make the little play a perfect success, and Stone Hall acknowledges a debt of gratitude to the whole "German Table."

Another Stone in the New Chapel.

The Washington girls now in College have just received substantial proof of the efficiency of their committee at the national capital. At the solicitation of this committee Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett gave, on March 11, a reading for the benefit of the Wellesley Chapel Fund. Mr. and Mrs. Smedley Darlington opened their spacious drawing-room and, assisted by their daughters, afforded a gracious welcome to the many guests. Miss Isabel Darlington, '86, with other Wellesley girls, were the ushers for the day. A mandolin solo by Mr. Williams, with piano accompaniment by Miss Helen Cannon (Wellesley, '80-'83), was the opening number of the program.

All eyes were then turned toward Master Vivian Burnett (Little Lord Fauntleroy), who sang some quaint Neapolitan ballads in his own inimitable way.

Mrs. Burnett then read selections from "Hawthorne"; her rendering of the Lancashire dialect was especially pleasing to her audience. A serenade, sung by Mrs. Buxton to the accompaniment of the piano and violin, completed an enjoyable program. After a few moment's chat with Mrs. Burnett, the guests were invited by the hostess to partake of a collation.

Universal interest in the good cause greeted the eager Wellesley girls. While those of the executive committee cannot expect to retain the same energetic chairman, Miss Darlington, '86, they nevertheless entertain great hopes of future success in their efforts to help the Chapel Fund Association.

"Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot?"

Miss Cora Marsland, student at Wellesley, '83-'84, has recently accepted a position as teacher of elocution in the State Agricultural College at Ames, Iowa.

Miss Lena Gilkey, student at Wellesley '76-'77, '82-'83, sailed for Paris in December and will remain abroad until June.

Miss Mary E. Meddick, '84, is teaching as substitute in a Preparatory School for Girls at St. Paul, Minn. Miss Hester Pollock, student at Wellesley '82-'85, holds a position in the same school.

Miss Phebe G. Pirie of Lucknow, India, student at Wellesley in '84-'86, is teaching in Woodstock, Sandour, India, in an English school for girls, which is under the auspices of the American Presbyterian Mission. Miss Ellen Pirie, her sister, who was a pupil in Dana Hall, is also teaching in the Woodstock school and studying music and art.

Notice has been received of the recent marriage of Miss Mary M. Whitney, student at Wellesley '77-'78, to Mr. Elisha M. Whitney. Mr. and Mrs. Whitney are "at home" in Winchendon on Thursdays in March.

A Wellesley company of eight were most delightfully entertained last Saturday evening by Miss Jessie Reid, B. A. '84, at her home in Cambridge. After a bountiful repast served upon the daintiest of china, the favorite songs were sung, among them several Scotch ballads, parts of which Mr. Reid recited in Gaelic. The evening was all too short. Chaperoned by the moon in front and by Dominick as rear-guard, the guests arrived safely at Wellesley, and agreed that their week had been most pleasantly ended.

Married.

LINLEY-STARR—At Spencer, Mass., Jan. 16, Miss Ellen P. Starr, student at Wellesley '76-'77, to Mr. Chester Thomas Linley.

College Notes.

For the benefit of the Students' Aid Society, the Freeman Club will give Sheridan's "Rivals" in the gymnasium, Saturday evening, March 23, at seven o'clock. A limited number of reserved seats will be sold for fifty and thirty-five cents; unreserved seats, twenty-five cents. Announcement of the time of sale will be made later.

Mrs. Goodwin lectures to the Art students, Saturday, March 16, and a lecture on Art will also be given Monday evening in the chapel by Mr. Goodyear.

The class of '92 have been slowly electing their freshmen officers. The list now stands as follows: President, Miss M. Alice Emerson; Vice-President, Miss Alice Dransfield; Recording Secretary, Miss Gertrude B. Smith; Corresponding Secretary, Miss M. Louise Brown; Treasurer, Miss Clara Burr; First Historian, Miss Evelyn Parkes; Second Historian, Miss Jennie Kenny; Factotums, Misses Florence Converse and Mabel Glover; Executive Committee, Misses Mary Bates, Dora Emerson, Janet Davidson, Eleanor Greene and Grace Underwood.

The class of '91 have elected the following members for their boat crew: Captain, Miss M. L. Perrin; crew, Misses Marion Parker, S. Elizabeth Stewart, Louise Saxton, Lola A. McDaniel, Alice S. Clement.

Dr. Alex. McKenzie of Cambridge spoke to the senior Bible classes, Tuesday afternoon, upon the subject of the Fatherhood of God. On Friday Dr. George W. Shinn of Newton spoke on The Holy Communion. Dr. Shinn also conducted the Lenten service on Friday.

The seniors at Norumbega give an At Home to their class next Monday from two to five.

In the article entitled "A Glimpse at Clovelly," which appeared in the COURANT of March 1, Dickens' "Message from the Sea" was by inadvertence assigned in the press-room to Kingsley.

A fine accession to the departments of both Art and Literature is made by the recent gift to the College from Mrs. Durant of Dailey's illustrations of Shakespeare's plays. The portfolio consists of thirty hand-finished heliotype prints, each bearing the artist's autograph. These pictures have an added interest as the last work of Mr. Dailey, who was eminently successful as a genre painter. He was previously known in literary art as an illustrator of Irving, Cooper, Dickens and Hawthorne. Mr. Dailey's early fame depended largely on his historical pictures, but his later work was confined to the study of the human type, of which he proved himself one of the best interpreters that America has produced. The value of this collection is enhanced for art's sake by its rarity, but to the members of Wellesley College as a new proof of the generous kindness of one of its founders.

Friday was a red-letter day at College. In the afternoon Stone Hall parlor was filled to overflowing with an eager throng, who applauded to the echo the distinguished guest and reader of the occasion, M. Coquelin, and in the evening Prof. Harris of Concord, admirably seconded by Wellesley musicians, interpreted the celestial language of Beethoven to a large and spell-bound audience.

The hospitable Eliot again opened her arms to a goodly company last Saturday evening. The early part of the evening was devoted to Shakespeare. Various scenes from Hamlet and the Merchant of Venice were acted, and were enthusiastically received by the audience. The improvised fish-pond was next visited, and each successful angler bore away a little box of Dr. Barker's pills, which were truly *homeopathic* in sweetness, if not in size and quantity. After refreshments in the dining-room and music in the parlor, the guests departed, feeling that they would certainly come again—if they were invited.

An entertainment for the benefit of Sincerity Lodge No. 731 was given in the Odd Fellows' Hall at Wellesley last Wednesday. The musical program was furnished by Miss Mary E. B. Roberts and Miss Jessie A. Cable of the College, and Miss Daniels, a pianist from Wellesley Hills. Mr. Schlin L. Brown was the reader of the evening. The large audience testified to their enjoyment of the occasion by repeated encores.

Those who have seen an article in the *Record* on a day at Wellesley College should know that it is wrongly given as coming from a college student. An article by one of the students was obtained and made the foundation of this piece.

Harcourt Place Seminary, Gambier, Ohio.

Many of the readers of the COURANT are aware that in the summer of 1887 there was established at Gambier, Ohio, a school in which the President and Faculty of Wellesley took particular interest. Some details of the school and its management will be of general interest; for while the school has no organic connection with the College, all of its resident teachers are Wellesley women, and it is often spoken of in Ohio as a Wellesley colony.

Gambier, high up on a hill-top, nearly 1,200 feet above the level of the sea, is the seat of the educational institutions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Ohio. It is on the Cleveland, Akron and Columbus Railroad, fifty miles northeast of Columbus, in the beginning of the hill country found in the eastern part of the State. It is noted for its surpassing beauty and extraordinary healthfulness. The beautiful Kokosing Valley sweeps around the hill and carries the sight to the lovely hills ten miles away. The park and buildings of Kenyon College are among the finest in the country. Kenyon has never been a large college, but in proportion to its number of graduates it has turned out more men of distinction than any college in America. Among its noted sons are ex-President Hayes, the late Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, David Davis, Henry Winter Davis, Stanley Matthews, Senator Turpie, Hon. Frank Hood and many others.

Kenyon College was founded in 1825, in a tract of 8,000 acres. It was a three-fold institution, with a theological, collegiate and preparatory department. The first named occupies Bexley Hall, at the north end of the village. It is a chaste, brick building of commanding beauty, planned by the architect of the Crystal Palace in London, and said to be one of the handsomest specimens of Elizabethan architecture in the United States. It stands in a park of ten acres. To the southward, at the end of the plateau, in a park of a hundred acres, are the college buildings, all of stone, and picturesquely situated among the grand old oaks and maples which adorn the college park. The old college building and Bexley Hall are connected by an avenue of maple trees, two-thirds of a mile in length and passing through the middle of the principle village street.

The preparatory department, Kenyon Military Academy, on the east side of the plateau, half a mile from the college, occupies a tract of fifty acres. It is conducted as a first-class boarding-school, preparing boys for any college, or for business. It is under the immediate charge of Dr. Lawrence Rust and Mr. H. N. Hills, Regents, and under their management it has grown to be a school of a hundred pupils, ranking among the best of the church schools for boys. These gentlemen conceived and carried out the plan of establishing at Harcourt Place, originally the home of Bishop McVane and later used as a private school for boys, a church school for young ladies and girls. The estate consists of twelve acres on the crown of the hill. It faces the middle walk on the East and joins the park of Bishop Bedell on the West, and is much the largest and handsomest private property on the hill. The estate was purchased by Messrs. Rust and Hills, and the Trustees of Kenyon College passed a unanimous resolution commending the enterprise of establishing a girls' school. The Regents proposed to make a school that would combine, so far as possible, all the elements that should characterize the best school in the Ohio Valley. "To this end they retired from the world, so to speak, to 'think it out.'" When they reappeared their plans were clear. They proposed to erect a large new main building that should be a model of its kind. It should connect by a passage with the historic McVane house, which was constructed in 1833 by workmen brought out from New York, and was considered to be the finest house in the State at that time. It should be completely furnished with an eye to beauty and pervading harmony, and the school should have the best teaching force that could be gotten together.

Friends remonstrated against the unnecessary risk of so large an outlay before it was determined whether a school in Gambier would be a success. But the Regents were firm in their view that a school complete in all details, if they projected it would be from the beginning irresistible. The new building seemed to leap out of the ground. As its walls steadily and substantially rose, friends began to gather around the new school. The President of Wellesley was made acquainted with all the facts and invited to nominate a Principal. Her friend, Miss Lucy C. Andrews, B. A., for six years a member of the Faculty at Wellesley, was chosen to the important position, and with great energy and devotion has she filled it. Miss Myra J. Howes, B. A., was chosen for the Department of Mathematics; Miss Delia M. Taylor, M. A., for Latin and Rhetoric; Miss Caroline S. Crocker, B. A., for Greek and English; Miss Elise N. Songe, for French and German; Miss Mary McMartin, for the Piano, and Miss Frances L. Whittlesey, B. A., for Art and Vocal Music.

Besides this corps of Wellesley ladies, four of the Kenyon professors were made lecturers, and Mrs. Emma P. Ewing was made lecturer on cooking. When the school was opened in September, 1887, it was found that eleven States were represented by the pupils. This year there is an increase of fifty per cent. in the number of boarding pupils, and they come from New York to California and Michigan to Texas. Miss Taylor declined a re-election to the department this year, and Miss Carrie F. Spencer of Auburn, N. Y., Wellesley, '87, has made a most acceptable successor. The corps was further increased by the addition of Miss Harriet L. Merrow, Wellesley, '86, as instructor in the sciences. A delegation of half a dozen well-prepared girls will enter Wellesley in the autumn from Harcourt Place.

It is not probable that many schools can be found where the pupils have more agreeable surroundings, and where their home comforts are more tasteful and satisfying. It is not probable also that in many schools the pupils receive a larger measure of personal attention from a more devoted set of teachers.

To Wellesley the school naturally looks, somewhat as a child to its mother; and it is believed that it will become, in time, a source of satisfaction, if not of pride, to the Wellesley friends who have fostered its interests. The school has two courses of study—one preparatory for college and the other complete in itself. About one-fourth of the boarding pupils are taking the preparatory course.

The Interpretation of Art.

ESTELLE M. HURLI. DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY.

"But any man that walks the mead,
In bud, or blade, or bloom may find.
According as his humors lead,
A meaning suited to his mind.
And liberal applications lie
In Art, like Nature."

The suggestions towards the interpretation of music in the last COURANT, in arousing us to new enthusiasm for this form of art, lead us to raise the question, "Are we gaining all the inspiration that we might from the other treasures of art with which the Wellesley life is enriched?" The translation of the Parlor into an "Opera of Rest," in a November number of the COURANT, disclosed undreamed-of possibilities in the meanings of color and form, and we must believe that the pictures on our walls, as well as the literature on our shelves, are full of rich meaning to those who seek it.

It may, perhaps, help us in our progress in interpretation, to consider some of the relations of art to nature, and to the truths of spiritual life.

From the earliest times, the poets have sung of a life manifested to them in nature, of which a casual observation takes no cognizance. The poetic insight penetrates external forms to discover truth far transcending that perceived through the senses. The experience of Wordsworth, to whom "the mearest flower that blows" could bring thoughts "too deep for tears," is the typical poetic experience. To this wonderful power to read the heart of nature is, in rare cases, added the correlated gift of creating new and beautiful forms in which to communicate this revelation to others, and then the seer becomes an artist.

It is the high calling of Art to interpret Nature to those whose dull ears are not attuned to catch her melodies, and whose eyes are so hidden that they cannot see her visions. In Art, Nature's melodies are sung in a clearer, louder strain, unmingled with the discords of the earth sounds that so fill our ears that the finer harmony is lost; Nature's visions are painted in sharper outline and in bolder colors, undimmed by the earth clouds that hide them from our purblind eyes.

Art is true as it is founded upon Nature, as it presents forms which, though having no literal counterpart, are yet within Nature's possibilities. The question by which the truthfulness of a character in fiction is to be tested is not: Is there a historical character from which this has been imitated? but: Is this within the range of the possibilities of human life? Can these phases of character coexist? Are they consistent with the principles of psychology? The question by which the truthfulness of a landscape painting is to be tested is not: Is this a reproduction of an observed scene? but: Is it in accordance with the laws of nature? The question is not: Has this been? but: Can it be? not: Is this actual? but: Is it the ideal? for the function of Art is not to present the attainment of Nature, but the ideal towards which it is striving. To the artist, the ideal is suggested in the contemplation of the actual, but it is so hidden in the complexity of the whole system of things, and still so far short of a perfect realization, that he must needs invent a new form in which it will appeal more readily to the ordinary understanding.

Artists, for the most part, disclaim all intention of teaching or preaching. They scorn "Art with a purpose," indicating by this somewhat indefinite phrase the spurious article which presents truth thinly attired in æsthetic clothes. But genuine Art, which is *body* in contradistinction to *clothes*, does none the less express the truth, *embodying* rather than *draping* it. The truth is indeed the life of the art-body.

Again, in a historical study of the characters of famous artists, it is noticeable that the majority have produced their greatest works in a sort of frenzy, borne along by an artistic instinct of almost irresistible force. Their voice is as it were the voice of Nature proclaiming her ideals, rather than the expression of their own rational thinking. But, while the creator of an art-form may be unconscious of the *idea* informed as the bee is of the mathematics of its honeycomb, his ignorance does not prove his work meaningless, any more than the bee's ignorance disproves the mathematical relations of its hexagonal cell. Because his instinct is a part of the whole system of nature, his work is really founded upon natural law, and must, therefore, embody truth. Painters and musicians are perhaps the last to give an account of their work, because the languages of color and tone are so different from the language of words. How can we ask of them that they speak in so many tongues? It is left to us, who have but the one method of expressing thought, to translate into prose the truth that we apprehend in Art.

The word-material employed in the art of poetry being more familiar to us than the color, form and tone materials of painting, sculpture and music, one might make a beginning in interpretation by first finding the central truth of some poem and then seeking its correspondents in painting and music.

An imaginative view of nature has always seen in the lion and the dragon the respective symbols of the human impulses and of falsehood. This discovery is as old as the poet-prophet's declaration: "The young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet." Already familiar with this symbolism from our reading in Spenser's Faery Queen, we recognize the truth of the poem in Raphael's glorious archangel poised upon the prostrate enemy, and rediscover it in the Baroque's Offertoire in A minor, whose theme was developed in the last COURANT.

John Bunyan Bristol's "Landscape," hanging in the first floor center, reminds us of the lines in Gray's Elegy.

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight
And all the air a solemn stillness holds."

and a further comparison of the painting with the poem discloses a common theme. Even among "the short and simple annals of the poor" a heart may be found "pregnant with celestial fire," and the most commonplace life is beautiful when thus glorified with a true ideal.

By this method of translating a thesis from one art-form to another, our eyes are opened to behold in Nature the beatific vision.

Skyward.

KENT DUNLAP, '90.

Safe nestled in a wind-tossed heart,
With restless, fluttering wings,
Lie eager aims full fed with hope
And sweet imaginings.

Half fledged wild-brood of desires,
Soon will the wings be strong;
And earth or heaven will catch the strain
Of your bosoms' thrilling song.

Deep uttered, constant is my prayer,
"O nestlings, mount, soar high—
Skylarks that yearning seek the sun
In song that will not die."

Marblehead.

NANCY K. FOSTER.

O quaint, old haunt of Neptune,
With your stretch of silver sea!
Your brown, ribb'd rocks and light-house,
Where Æolus sings to me!
Grey old houses! grey old sailors!
With many a tale to tell
Of capes and countries visited,
And adventures that befell!

'Tis here the wild-flowers linger,
Golden-rod and asters blue,
Barberries red and waxen,
And dandelions too.
Well have ye chosen, silent flowers,
A home by the murmuring sea;
Birds and bees may sing for a day,
But the sea sings ever to thee!

Ah! noiseless-footed day-break
Kissing the harbor's brow!
The schooner catches the music
In her eager, restless prow;
Like a human soul awakening
She calmly sails away,
Out where the grey turns golden—
Where the day-break meets the day.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

BERTHA E. HERARD, '86-'88.

Those who have read Walter Besant's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," with its account of the dreary East London life and the wonderful "Palace of Delight," built by Miss Messenger to brighten these lives and awaken the dormant sense of enjoyment of wholesome pleasure and study, may be interested to know something of the work which is an out-growth of Mr. Besant's idea.

It was very good fortune to live an opportunity to visit East London, see the people and spend an afternoon at the People's Palace, Mile End Road. Well may it be called "the joyless city," such stolid, weary faces, faces which show that life has been one long, hard grind for existence—there has been no time or opportunity to really live—faces which show no pleasure in the past or hope of better things in the future—

"With heads bent o'er their toil, they languidly
Their lives to some unmeaning task work give,
Dreaming of naught beyond their prison wall,
And as year after year,
Fresh products of their barren labors fall
From their tired hand, and rest
Never yet comes near,
Gloom settles slowly down over their breast."

The children seem to have been born old, to have no childhood or childish pleasures; the sad experience of father and mother is their sole inheritance. Knowledge, skill and art have been lavishly used to make happy the lives of the fortunate dwellers in West London, while their less fortunate neighbors at the East end have been forgotten or ignored.

There is no great industry to make a common centre and interest to draw people together. The homes are too small to admit of social gatherings, the great distances to the galleries and museums deprives them of enjoyment of pictures, there is no centre of learning to answer the appeal for knowledge, and in all of East London there are only two small libraries, open free for the people, one at Bethnal Green and one at Toynbee Hall. Surely East London has need of a "Palace of Delight," which is for its objects social utility, pure pleasure and higher thought, and it is to attain these objects that students, philanthropists and members of the social world joined their efforts to the efforts of the working class.

Active work was commenced in 1887, the money being mostly given in small sums; no such generous person as Miss Messenger with an immense fortune at command appeared. The first buildings were the Queen's Hall and the library. These are to form a part of the palace of the future, which proclaims its mission in its very structure, the great colonnade front with its many welcoming doors inviting all to enter the rotunda, well provided with comfortable seats where the weary laborer can rest and read. Crossing the rotunda we enter Queen's Hall, opened by her Majesty Queen Victoria, May 14, 1887, a spacious, beautiful auditorium capable of seating two thousand five hundred people. Special attention has been given to acoustic arrangements, and here will be given frequent lectures, recitals and concerts. When not in use for general entertainment it will be open as a drawing room for the members.

At the time we saw it, a fine exhibition of modern paintings was arranged on the walls and open to the public at the small charge of two pence. Adjoining this will be social and refreshment rooms. Beyond the Hall and connected with it by passageways, is the library just finished, octagonal in shape and built on the plan of the one at the British Museum with shelf room for two hundred and fifty thousand volumes. It now contains fifteen thousand, which are free to the public to read there, no books being taken home. Small rooms opening from the library will be built as soon as the funds are ready; these rooms are designed for those who wish to pursue earnest study. The boom of a quiet place for thought and study will be appreciated by the citizens of busy, noisy East London.

The attendance for the past year, from nine hundred to a thousand on week days and nearly twice that number on Sundays, shows the great need of more libraries accessible to the people. Special help is given those who desire it in planning courses of reading or study, the aim being to raise the standard of reading. The greatest demand has been for works of fiction, travel and history coming next.

The foundation stone of the new Technical School, the money for which was given by the Drapers Company, was laid in May, 1887, and the buildings were ready for use in the fall. Here boys, girls and adults will be taught useful trades and occupations. The new buildings will be greatly appreciated, as the old quarters, in use the first year, were cramped and unsuitable for school work. They will now be utilized by the social section for work in connection with their clubs.

At one side of the grounds a swimming bath has been open for the past year. The attendance has been very good, receipts paying all expenses. Boys from the public schools near have been admitted twice a week at a small charge, and the boys in the Technical school have had regular practice. A temporary gymnasium is also well patronized.

These buildings, with a few temporary ones for use during fêtes, are all that are ready now, but as funds are raised, art galleries, gymnasiums for men and for women, winter gardens, play rooms for the children from the dirty cramped homes, will be added. The grounds will be laid out in play grounds for the children, in tennis courts, cricket grounds, etc. The appearance of the grounds where we entered was that of a country fair. Booths were seen for the sale of buns and red lemonade, small tents here and there with wonderful shows which we did not investigate, merry-go-rounds where the children were having a gay time, a large, temporary building was tastefully decorated with hunting, flowers and Chinese lanterns, and here in the evenings popular concerts were given. This festive appearance, we learned, was due to a six weeks fête which was in progress. All these pleasures and the picture gallery were open to the public on the payment of two pence; that it was largely appreciated is shown by the attendance, over three hundred and ten thousand of the poorer classes enjoying these pleasures during the six weeks. The work is under the charge of the Beaumont Trustees, with Sir Edward Hays Currie as chairman and Walter Besant as a warm friend and supporter. There are three departments, recreative, educational and social.

In the first, commencing with October, 1887, various exhibitions have been held, exhibitions of poultry, pigeons, dogs, birds, flowers, the work of London apprentices and the various industries carried on in East London; the interest has been stimulated by prizes. Series of afternoon entertainments for children have been a great pleasure to many of the little waifs. Concerts have been given twice a week and sacred music on Sunday, the attendance averaging about nine hundred, mostly men. Various fêtes and picture exhibitions have helped to complete the work of this department.

The schools have been very successful, the day technical school having an attendance of one hundred and sixty-six for the first year, but with the new buildings many more can be admitted; over four hundred boys have been admitted for three years, seventy-five of them by competitive examination for scholarship. Boys to enter, must be over twelve years of age, have passed the fifth standard in the public schools and be the sons of parents whose income does not exceed two hundred pounds. The fees are very small, five shillings per quarter. Here they are taught mathematics, mechanical drawing, designing, machine and building construction and special handicrafts and are fitted for actual, practical life. Exhibitions of their work show very good results. Summer excursions for the boys were planned and carried out by the exertion of Lady Currie, enabling them to have two or three weeks in the country at a very slight cost. The great difficulty is to persuade the parents to allow the boys to remain for the three years course, as they can earn such good wages at the end of the first year's training.

The evening classes for trades, music, art, science and special classes for girls have been attended by nearly four thousand students, the last year, the fees being from one to seven shillings per term. Arrangements have been made for two popular science lectures a week in connection with the University Extension scheme.

More than four thousand young men and women joined the People's Palace Institute, fees from five to seven shillings a year. These members have free admission to concerts, exhibitions and lectures, use of gymnasium and swimming bath, billiard and game rooms, and admission to classes at half rates. The social clubs under their control now number more than twenty—clubs for active sports, literature, music, art and social improvement. Several teas and conversations have been given with great success. A junior section has been started for those under sixteen.

Grounds for the use of the clubs for active sport, have been granted, ten acres by the city of London at Wanstead Flats easily reached by cars. A Palace journal is sustained, which gives reports of the clubs, program of entertainments at the Palace, notes on current topics and short stories, but as yet it is not a great literary success.

The Palace so far has been very successful, and while it has not reached the very lowest classes, but rather the better class of East London, it hopes in time to draw them in. The work of course has been retarded from want of accommodations and means of maintenance, but London

charity has promised an endowment which will be a great help in the future, till with everything in working order, the People's Palace becomes self sustained.

"Surely the silver line shall come
When this fine overcast of night,
No longer sullen, show and dumb,
Shall leap to music and to light."

"In that new childhood of the world,
Life of itself shall dance and play,
Fresh blood through Time's stream, veins be hurried
And labor meet delight half way."

FOUR MOONS ABROAD.

XIV.

Still Amid the Mountains.

CORNELIA HARTWELL, '87-'88.

Another early breakfast, another agonized rush to catch the boat, followed by the usual buzzing about on deck for seats, and we were off on Lake Lucerne once more, bound for Flüelen. The morning was wonderful in its clearness. Not one ever so filmy cloud rested upon Mt. Pilatus, nor upon his brother peaks. Everyone was anxious to get a good square look at the Jungfrau as the air was so clear. "The Jungfrau, a glistening white peak, may be rarely seen from Lake Lucerne by the tourist," read one of our veteran travelers from the guide book. Looking up and seeing that we were passing a "glistening white peak," she rushed wildly around among us trying to work us up to the proper pitch of admiration for the beautiful Jungfrau. We did very well, it must be confessed, and "perfectly lovely!" flew about lively for a few moments, to the plainly visible amusement of a group of men near by. These fateful men smiled more emphatically still when they heard the captain inform us that we were at present admiring the Wetterhorn; would see the Jungfrau further on. When we reached the latter famous peak we were so spent and poverty stricken as to be unable to give a feeble gasp of delight at its pure white radiance outlined sharply against the deep blue of the sky. We were quite recovered, however, when we reached our friend, the Rigi, and smiled up at him friendly and expectant. But no; he let us pass him, fascinating as we were, without even a sigh of his pine trees; yet it was but yesterday that we had spent so close to him. Poor old Rigi, he is old enough to be blasé (our favorite word, pronounced blazé) even on the subject of college girls, so we forgave his coldness.

After Vitznau the scenery was all new to us. We looked admiringly at the magnificent Axenstrasse, which stretches along the border of the lake from Brannen to Flüelen, compact, firm and substantial, every now and then darting into tunnels, then emerging into sight again just as you are beginning to be certain that it must have lost itself in the darkness.

At Flüelen we changed from lake to rails, and sped out into the wild beauty of the great St. Gotthard road. Over the trestle bridges we dashed, looking shivering down into the torrents foaming through the gorges beneath us. Into long tunnels we shot with a scream of our engine, their darkness so black and heavy that it seemed visible and material, then out again with a sigh of relief into the blue and white of sky and mountain cascade flashing in the sunshine.

Midday found us at Göschenen, where we left the train, and prepared to walk up to Andermatt over the Gotthard carriage road. Two of the girls decided at the last minute to take a carriage as the weather was so fine (Mark Twain style). The writer held on to the door of the railway station for fear she should join them. She had made an iron resolve to walk to Andermatt, and walk she would though she went on crutches the rest of her life. We got rid of our superfluous wraps, and set out full of courage. All along the road there are "numerous short cuts, which the pedestrian may take if he wishes," says Baedeker enticingly. Everyone took the first cut, then, after a moment's meditation, the second, but when, by dint of digging the toes of our boots and the ends of our umbrellas into the path, we had managed to scramble, panting, to the top of the third, some of us decided that time was no object to us, we would stick to the highway. A magnificent road it is—the St. Gotthard—winding in broad, easy curves up the mountain side, the ascent so gradual as hardly to be noticed as one walks.

We trudged on for half an hour or more, then three of us dropped like bags of meal in the shadow of a big rock. The others were dwindling into small black dots in the distance before we had gathered up energy enough to ask each other what the matter was. We each separately declared that we were good walkers, oh yes, but we weren't in trim just then for mountain climbing. "How can they expect us to be, we don't have their old mountains at home," said a poor, hot '84. Presently, however, good humor returned as fatigue disappeared. We rose and sauntered on, enjoying life now that there was no more need of keeping pace with certain racers of our party, who rushed along so, just out of spite, we knew. It was very restful to abuse our absent sisters, so we kept it up till the beauty of the scene through which we were passing so absorbed us that we had no further thought or strength to spend upon aught else. The wind blew deliciously cold from the snowy mountain tops, the sun rays glittered on the leaping waterfalls as we passed. Through tunnels too the way led, great dark holes cut through the solid rock. From an arched opening in the side of one of them we were enchanted to see one of the noblest of the cascades foaming and raging at the patient stones right at our feet. The most beautiful picture of all was formed by the tremendous fall at Devil's bridge. It sprang from the mountains like a wild thing, making us draw back with a start from its enveloping spray which wrapped us round like a garment as we stood on the bridge.

Andermatt at last. We looked curiously at its one street, its wretched little houses, the wretched women sitting in the doorways knitting or weaving lace. Mountains completely hedge the little village round about. We could still look up and see something above us, though we stood at the height of 1,000 feet. On the mountain slopes were men and women raking hay and carrying down great baskets of it upon their shoulders, their faces entirely concealed by the great loads.

We found hotels, of course; they thrive everywhere in Switzerland, but we didn't enter the first one we came to, like common travellers. No, our "Feldherr" had a private message from the proprietress of our Lucerne hotel to the proprietor of one of these Andermatt hotels. Thus the message ran: "Tell Papa, Julia sends greetings." It seemed harmless enough. We could not know that a dark meaning lay hidden beneath its fair surface. A bargain was made with "Papa" for dinner and for a coach and five, which should convey the party back to Göschenen in time to catch a 3.26 "snellzog" to Lucerne. The dinner part of the bargain was fulfilled, but no coach appeared. "Oh, that's all right," said the hotel man. "Don't be anxious; it is only an hour to four." A superhuman intellectual effort told us this meant three o'clock. He waved us into the coach, which came at 3.13, still assuring us that we would make our train. We scrambled up on top, as many as there were places for, the others were stowed inside, and off we started. The feet of the five horses scarcely seemed to touch the ground. "Faster," cried our Feldherr, "we must catch that train." "What train?" asked the driver, in the most irritatingly slow tone imaginable. "The 3.26." "Oh, you can't. Ought to have started half an hour or so ago for that." We must—we will, we all screamed in unison. In the midst of the general hubbub a voice from within the coach shouted, "Stop, stop! I've left my coat!" "Can't stop, drive on, hurry coachman!" We fairly flew through the cold, free air, holding our breath as we lurched around frightful curves and leaped over bridges.

The spirit of the wild, free wind and the falling waters seemed to enter into us, the very mountains were full of sprites that laughed and shouted and urged us on, the coaches lurched from side to side. "Faster, oh faster!" It was over all too soon, the glorious race down the mountain side, and we were left in the prosy railroad station with the cheerful parting salute of the driver, "Your train has been gone twenty minutes." "I told you so!"

The journey back to Lucerne was one long series of beautiful pictures, broken by plunges into black tunnels. The observation car in which we rode had a narrow balcony running along its entire length, and upon it we stood, free to look up into the blue heaven, which to-day seemed to rest upon the stalwart mountains as if it loved them. Instead of taking the steamer at Flüelen and returning to Lucerne by lake, as we had come, we decided to continue all the way by rail. This decision cost the one whose lot it is to describe the day into the depths of despair, for she had been relying on the return trip to see the famous Tell's chapel, which she, of all the party, had not seen, because she was looking so energetically for it—on the wrong side of the lake. She comforted herself, however, with the remembrance of her long look at the works which rise as the eyes take in the beauty of the whole scene—the quiet water, the noble boulder with its simple inscription, the mountains rising abruptly in the background, fitting companions to the memory of the poet's honored name.

We were running now along the border of the lake, and the sparkle of the day was giving place to the sunset tints. Suddenly, just as we were leaving the lake, a vision of wondrous beauty flashed before us. Across the shimmering waters rose two sombre peaks apart from each other, drawn

back like curtains to reveal a single cliff burning from base to summit in transparent crimson. It was the Alpine glow. Our merry voices grew still, eyes and hearts drank in hungrily every detail of the scene before us. It must be like the glory of the Lord, came the wondering thought. But only for a moment was the vision before us, then we were swept away and away, into the creeping shadows of the coming night.

"Yesterday was too beautiful," we sighed as we threw down our gripsacks the next night at Interlaken. It couldn't last. At noon that day, as we reached Meiringen on the way from Lucerne to Interlaken, the smiles had vanished from the skies and the mountains had pulled great gray veils of mists over their faces, which were beginning to seem to us like the faces of friends.

How longingly we watched the giant forms encircling the town all the long Sunday that we passed at Interlaken, hoping always that the mists might lift and roll away. But no, not one little glimpse did we have of the Jungfrau. The long ride in the Lanterbrunnen valley the next day was a compensation, however, for the near mountains were kind to us and shook off their mist cloaks, while even the sun peeped out upon us now and then. We were on our way to the great Trümmelbach fall, and all along the route we watched curiously the women and children sitting by the roadside weaving lace. The moment a carriage comes in sight the children dash frantically for it, running alongside, holding their faces out at you with such a wistful look that you say no almost apologetically to the poor little things, some of them only babies of three or four.

"Oh, girls, just see," came in screams of delight from the different carriages, "just see the Staubbach." From away up among the rocks it springs—the Staubbach—a baby cascade, skipping lightly from rock to rock, then suddenly growing stronger and more reckless, it takes a tremendous leap and falls in the finest cloud of spray on the rocks beneath. Amid all the beauty of the St. Gotthard, we had seen nothing half so dainty and lovely.

When within a short distance of the Trümmelbach, we left our carriages, and walked up a steep clayey path to a slippery plank walk which curves around a precipitous rocky wall, and found ourselves suddenly in what seemed to be a blinding rain storm with continual thunder. Bewildered, we rubbed away the mist from our eyes, and saw that we were in a sort of chamber of solid rock, from an immense round opening in one wall of which shot, as from the mouth of a cannon, a tremendous volley of water. The spray, white and dense, dashed up over us, the boom and roar drowned all sound of our voices, all the enthusiasm within us awakened at the magnificent challenge of Nature's power, and we rendered homage to this king of all Swiss torrents with wonder and something akin to awe in our hearts.

Before we set out on the ride back to Interlaken, we wandered about among the lace weavers stationed near the Trümmelbach, and explored one or two little shops where all sorts of carved wood articles were displayed. It had been raging fiercely among our ranks—the carved wood fever—ever since we had left Meiringen. Each member of the "lot" vied with all the others in buying the prettiest and the cheapest. Fruit baskets as a rule were most sought after. We wanted to buy some here, but the prices were rather too steep. We only wavered once, and that was when the enticing offer was made of two fruit baskets, a paper cutter, and a look at a live chamois (pronounced French fashion), all for something under fifteen dollars. It was very tempting, especially the live chamois part of the offer, but we reflected that we must save something to see the chamois-herd with, so desisted.

As we were packing up our bags that night, preparatory to a leave-taking in the morning, there came stealing into our open windows the sound of music—men's voices—the soft accompaniment of a guitar. We crept down—a few of us together—unable to resist the invitation of the sweet melody, and followed it to the grounds adjacent to a great hotel near us. It seemed as if we had been suddenly transported to some immense theatre, upon whose stage was represented a beautiful garden filled with graceful trees and winding paths. Electric lights here and there cast their strong white radiance upon the dark leaves, making them to gleam like satin, and to throw that lace-like shadow characteristic of such light. In the midst of the foliage is the great hotel with its many eyes. On its balconies women in white evening dresses. Beneath them, in the gleam of the lights, stand four gaily-dressed minstrels, in white and red. Upon their heads rest jaunty red fez caps, bright as the scarlet blossoms of a bed of geraniums near them, their eyes and curling hair blacker than the shadows of the night about them. They are singing music of an Italian opera, and playing mandolins and guitars. Behind them, in the darkness, are hundreds of faces, on which the lights flicker strangely. The music is intoxicating. Where are we—what are we? The strange, huge masses of the mountain's shadows stretch up into the sky, the night wind touches our faces softly. We draw further into the shadow, and listen and look as in a dream. Even when the singers have gone, and the faces of the lingering people have vanished, the spell is not broken. The night is so full of harmony; the mountains of mystery, of watching, of expectancy. "Oh, God-made mountains; we are so restless, tell us the secret of your patience; we have need of it," we cry wistfully, and turn our faces toward our resting place, which after to-night will see us no more.

In the morning light of the morrow we bade farewell to Interlaken, and set out on our journeying once more, with thanksgiving in our hearts, for life, for hope, for the beauty we had seen, and the glories we still hoped to see—amid the mountains.

TEUFELSDRÖCKH: A TYPE OF CARLYLE.

EMMA S. PLEASANTS, '89.

We hear from Carlyle himself that:

Nothing in Sartor Resartus is fact; symbolical myth all, except that of the incident in the Rue Saint Thomas de L'Enfer.

And yet, as we study this great work of a great man, and also the biography we have of him, we are more than ever convinced that the Seer of the Nineteenth Century has left to us, in the history of Teufelsdröckh, a history of his own struggles and bewilderments; his growth of mind and of soul; his last and greatest, temptation in the Wilderness, and his final "if not Victory, yet the consciousness of Battle, and the resolve to persevere therein while life and faculty is left." Far more clearly defined are the traces of development to us than perhaps Carlyle realized; and Sartor Resartus, viewed in this light, is (if we may use the expression) an Allegorical Autobiography of the greatest thinker of the age.

To endeavor to prove this theory, the only way open to us is to trace, with the heads which Carlyle gives us of the Growth, Unbelief, Entanglement, Reprobation and Conversion of Teufelsdröckh, those experiences in the life of Carlyle which are analogous to these. Taking first the growth of Teufelsdröckh, which we may conclude carries him through infancy and childhood, school-days, and his life in the Hinterschlag Gymnasium, to his university course, we may find many points of identity, some of greater, some of less importance.

The character of little Carlyle is described, I may say accurately, in the sketch we have of the little Gneschen's life. The same still, quiet nature; the same love of solitary wanderings and musings; the insatiable love of reading; the prophesy of the school-master, who pronounced the small Teufelsdröckh "a genius fit for the learned professions," all find parallels in the facts of Carlyle's childhood. Above all, cannot we trace the "inflexible element of authority" of the Scottish household, of which Carlyle speaks, in the picture of German home-life in Sartor Resartus?

I was forlorn much; wishes in any measure held I had to renounce; everywhere a strain bond of Obedience inflexibly held me down.

Of the identification of Teufelsdröckh's persecuted school days with Carlyle's experiences in the Annandale school, I need hardly speak, as it is so generally acknowledged. Carlyle always retained painful, almost resentful, recollections of this period of his life. Bound by the promise to his mother not to fight; possessing the violent temper of the Carlyles; yet, withal, a shy, thoughtful boy, who dreaded his rough companions, he was the same persecuted lad whom Teufelsdröckh describes:

They were boys, mostly rude boys, and obeyed the impulse of rude Nature, which bids the deer head fall upon any stricken hart, the duck lock put to death any broken-winged brother or sister, and on all hands the strong tyrannize over the weak.

The opening of Teufelsdröckh's university career leads to our second topic—the Entanglement of Teufelsdröckh. His description of the Nameless University, although rather severe upon the existing state of affairs at Edinburgh, was nevertheless of some justice. Proude says there was nothing to be obtained "but an education and a discipline in poverty and self-denial;" and then adds, "that the teaching was the weak part;" so that Teufelsdröckh's criticism—

"The hungry young looked up to their spiritual unness; and for food, were fabled eat the east wind,"

agrees with the facts of the case. He goes on:

What vain jargon of controversial Metaphysics, Etymology, and mechanical Manipulation, falsely named Science, was current there, I indeed learned, better perhaps than the most. Among eleven hundred Christian youths, there will not be wanting some eleven eager to learn. By collision with such, a certain wariness, a certain polish was communi-

cated; by instinct and happy accident, I took less to rioting than to thinking and reading, which latter also I was free to do.

This is a truthful picture of Carlyle's life in Edinburgh, and of the little coterie of which he was the leader and centre. Poverty kept him and his friends out of mischief, and their life was simple, frugal, and happy in consequence.

The object of Carlyle's university course was to prepare him for the ministry; but we learn not only from Teufelsdröckh's account, but also from Carlyle's letters:

"That he had not the least enthusiasm for that business; that even grave, prohibitory doubts were gradually rising ahead."

This is more extravagantly expressed in the passage:

"Nevertheless a desert this was, waste, and howling with savage monsters . . . in the silent night watches, still darker in his heart than over sky and earth, he has cast himself before the All-Seeing and with audible prayers cried vehemently for Light."

At the end of his course, Carlyle's doubts having increased rather than diminished, he, being in no hurry to enter upon his theological studies, accepted an appointment to the Annandale school, spending all his spare time, as we learn: "In studying, corresponding, and meditating upon the career of Napoleon." In this connection we can very readily associate with the young schoolmaster's meditations Teufelsdröckh's views upon war, which, however, we have not space to quote.

From Annan he received the appointment to Kircaldy school, where he met the great friend of his life, Irving, whose character is, perhaps, partially portrayed in the conception of Herr Towgood; though the analogy does not hold good throughout.

It was in Irving's library that Carlyle began his study of Gibbon, which we learn did much toward further unsettling his belief and increasing his doubts. Of his life in Kircaldy we can find much description in the chapter of Sartor Resartus, entitled, "Getting Under Way."

Largely instrumental in procuring him this preferment were two of his professors, Mr. Leslie and Mr. Christieson, and without doubt it is to them that Carlyle refers when he says of Teufelsdröckh:

It is to be inferred that Teufelsdröckh, isolated, shy, reticent as he was, had not altogether escaped notice; certain established men are aware of his existence.

Carlyle writes to his mother from Kircaldy:

I have little intercourse with the natives here; . . . we are always happy to meet and happy to part.

It was true that his occupation shut him out from the best society; but in addition he was, as Proude says:

Shy and reserved or sarcastically self-asserting and was certainly not popular. His disposition at once shy and defiantly proud had perplexed the Kircaldy burghers.

If Carlyle could have thrown himself into his work, it would have been better for himself; but he hated the school-mastering, as he calls it. To quote again from his biographer:

A man of genius can do the lowest work as well as the highest; but genius in the process of developing, combined with an irritable nervous system and a fiercely impatient temperament, was not happily employed in teaching stupid lads.

To compare with the Sartor Resartus:

Friendly communion in any case there could not be . . . Perhaps what little employment he had was performed ill, at best unpleasantly. . . . So shy a man can never have been popular.

It was in Kircaldy that Carlyle met Miss Gordon, whom all critics agree in identifying with Blumina, so that the whole chapter of romance might be said to refer to his life in this place.

Worried to death of the hated teaching, Carlyle finally decided (about the same time) to abandon all thought of the ministry; and expressed his determination in the words of Teufelsdröckh:

A young man of high talent and high though still temper, like a young mettled colt, breaks off his neck halter and bounds forth from his peculiar manger into the wide world—(which we may interpret as Edinburgh). He then considered, for a short time, whether or not he would apply himself to civil engineering, finally ending his indecision by beginning the study of law.

Unhappy it is, however, that though born to the amplest Sovereignty, in this way, with no less than sovereign rights of Peace and War against the Time-Prince or Devil, and all his Dominions, your covetous-ceremony costs such trouble, your sceptre is so difficult to get at, or even to get eye on! By which wire-drawn similitude does Teufelsdröckh mean no more than that young men find obstacles in what we call getting under way;

and in the figure Carlyle expresses his own difficulties.

With this settlement in Edinburgh, begin those terrible years of indecision, poverty, disease and doubt, whose sufferings we find imprinted upon almost every page of that part of Sartor Resartus which refers to Teufelsdröckh's phase of Unbelief. Carlyle's outlook and difficulties were exactly the same which Teufelsdröckh claims as his.

To each is given a certain inward talent, a certain environment of Fortune; to each, by wisest combination of these two a certain maximum of Capability. But the hardest problem were ever this first: To find by study of yourself and of the ground you stand on, what you combined inward and outward Capability specially is. For alas our young soul is always budding with Capabilities and we see not yet which is the main and true one. Always, too, the new soul is in a new time, under new conditions; his course can be the *far* trifle of no prior one, but is by its nature original. And then how seldom will the outward Capability fit the inward; though talented wonderfully enough, we are poor, unfriended, despectral, bashful; nay, what is worse than all, we are foolish. Thus in a whole imbroglio of Capabilities we go stupidly groping about, to grope which is ours and when clutch the wrong one. . . . Nay, even in matters spiritual, since the spiritual artist too is born blind, and does not, like certain other creatures, receive sight in nine days, but far later, sometimes never—is it not well there should be what we call Professions or bread-studies (Brodzwecke), pre-appointed as? . . . For me too had such a leading-string been provided, only it proved a neck-halter and had high throttled me, till I broke it off.

If we compare this extract with some of Carlyle's own reminiscences of this time, we may see how close is the connection. Referring to his life in Edinburgh, he says:

From my fellow-creatures, little or nothing but vinegar was my reception when we happened to meet or pass near each other—my own blame mainly; so proud, shy and poor; at once so insignificant looking and so grim and sorrowful. I was entirely unknown in Edinburgh circles, solitary, eating my own heart, too, a prey to nameless struggles and miseries which have yet a kind of horror in them to my thoughts.

Turning from Carlyle's own words, to those of Teufelsdröckh, we find him confessing:

In the midst of their crowded streets and assemblages, I walked solitary; and (except as it was my own heart, not another's, that I kept devouring) savage also as the tiger in his jungle.

The Editor also passes his comment:

A prey incessantly to such corrosions, might not, moreover, as the worst aggravation to them, the iron constitution even of a Teufelsdröckh threaten to fail? We conjecture that he has known sickness; and, in spite of his locomotive habits, perhaps sickness of the chronic sort.

Teufelsdröckh himself refers to the Editor's views when he says:

With stupidity and sound Digestion man may front much. But what, in these dull, unimaginative days are the terrors of Conscience to the diseases of the Liver! Not on, Morality, but on Cookery let us build our stronghold; there brandishing our frying-pan, as censor, let us offer sweet incense to the Devil and live at ease on the fat things he has provided for his Elect.

Carlyle's extreme poverty at this time was a disguised blessing as Teufelsdröckh informs us:

That I had my Living to seek saved me from Dying by suicide

Poor Teufelsdröckh! Says the Editor:

Flying with Hunger always parallel to him; and a whole Infernal chase in the rear; so that the consciousness of Hunger is comparatively a friend's. . . . How our winged sky-messenger, unaccepted as a terrestrial runner, contrived, in the mean time, to keep himself from flying skyward without return, is not clear from these comments. . . . From private utility in never so many languages and sciences, the aid derivable is small; neither to use his own words "does the young adventurer hitherto suspect in himself any literary gift; but at best earns bread-and-butter wages by his wide faculty of Translation."

Carlyle was, at this period of his career, supporting himself by teaching two pupils; and by occasional work for Dr. Brewster upon his Encyclopedia; so that there is a parallel in his life for the preceding passages.

But disease and poverty were but lesser evils, if compared with Carlyle's mental state. The cloud of doubt which, in his university days, was no larger than a man's hand, had now increased so that the heaven was black. The distressed state of Scotland had aroused fresh questioning in his mind.

What is this world, then; what is human life, over which a just God is said to preside but of whose Presence, or whose Providence so few signs are visible? What are the tokens of His presence? Whence are the signs of His coming? Is there in this universe of things any moral Providence at all?

Or in the words of Teufelsdröckh:

Is there no God, then; but at best an absentee God, sitting idle, ever since the first Sabbath at the outside of his Universe, and seeing it go? Has the word Duty no meaning; is what we call Duty no divine Messenger and Guide? . . . Thus has the bewildered Wanderer to stand, as so many have done, shouting question after question into the Silent cave of Destiny, and receive no answer but an Echo. . . . Not till after long years, and unspeakable agonies, did the believing heart surrender; sink into spell-bound sleep, under the nightmare Unbelief, and in this lagging dream, mistake God's fair living world for a pallid, vacant Hades and extinct Pandemonium.

Yet, throughout all this bitter season of unrest, Carlyle in his letters to his mother lived up to his Sartorean standard of Hope.

Man is, properly speaking, based upon Hope, he has no other possession but Hope, this world of his is emphatically the place of Hope.

Quoting again from his correspondence with his mother:

I cannot say that my prospects have got much brighter since I left you; the aspect of the future is still as unsettled as ever it was . . . the thought that my somewhat uncertain condition gives you uneasiness chiefly grieves me. Yet I would not have you des-

pair of your "rifle" of a boy. He will do something yet. He is a shy, stingy soul and very likely has a higher notion of his parts than others have. But on the other hand he is not incapable of diligence. He is harmless and possesses the virtue of his country—thrift; so that, after all, things will be right in the end.

In spite of this brave aspect and belief, the following summer brought an increase of misery and may be said to be the climax of Carlyle's sufferings. The spiritual contest gave him no rest, and interwoven with this struggle was his unhappy remembrance of Miss Gordon. Carlyle was in the last extremity of misery; "tormented," as he says, "by the freaks of an imagination of extraordinary and wild activity."

He could not conceal, perhaps he did not try to conceal, this condition of his mind. Proude writes:

To his family he must have seemed possessed. He could not read; he wandered about the moors like a restless spirit. His mother was in agony about him.

Carlyle thus describes his own state by that of Teufelsdröckh:

Have we not seen him disappointed, benighted of Destiny through long years? All that the young heart might desire and pray for has been denied; nay, as in the last worst instance, offered and then snatched away. Ever an excellent passivity; but of useful, reasonable activity essential to the former as Food to Hunger, nothing granted till at length, in this wild pilgrimage, he most forcibly seizes for himself an Activity, though less, unreasonably. We behold him, through those thin years, in a state of crisis transition. It is all a grim desert, this ocean-fair world of his; wherein is heard only the howling of wild beasts or the shrieks of despairing, hate-filled, and no Pillar of Cloud and day, and no Pillar of Fire by night any longer guides the Pilgrim. For as he wanders wearily through this world he has but all tidings of another and higher.

The phase of Reprobation is this.

Carlyle returned to Edinburgh in the winter and resumed his law studies and pupils. Harassed by doubt and struggle still, and suffering from a more severe attack of illness, he became disgusted with law and decided to abandon it. From his letters we read:

My prospects are so unsettled, that I do not often sit down to my books with all the zeal I am capable of; and this is the first sign we have of his growing dislike to his profession so fully expressed in the Reminiscences:

I had thought of attempting to become an advocate. It seemed glorious to me for its independency and I did read some law books, attend Hume's lectures on Scotch law, and converse with and question various dull people of the practical sort. But it and they and the admitted-lecturing Hume himself appeared to me mere denizens of the kingdom of dullness, pointing towards nothing but money as wages for all that bog-pool of disgust.

Carlyle's contempt for his fellow-students of law is shown in Teufelsdröckh's bitter sarcasm:

My fellow Ascultators were Ascultators, they dressed and digested, and talked articulate words. Other vitality showed they almost none. Small speculation in those eyes that they did glaze withal! Sense neither for the high nor for the deep, nor for aught human and divine, save only for the faintest scent of coming Preferment. In which words, indicating a total estrangement on the part of Teufelsdröckh, remarks the editor, may there not also lurk traces of a bitterness as from wounded vanity? Doubtless these prosaic Ascultators may have sniffed at him with his strange ways, and tried hard to hate him; what was much more impossible, to despise him. Friendly communion there could not be; already has the young Teufelsdröckh left the other young geese; and swins apart though as yet uncertain whether he himself is cygnet or gosling. In a word, Teufelsdröckh having thrown up his legal Profession finds himself without landmark or outward guidance; whereby his previous want of decided belief, or inward guidance, is frightfully aggravated. Necessity urges him on; Time will not stop; neither can he, a Son of Time; with passion without solacement, wild faculties without employment ever vex and agitate him.

In reality it was this never-ending doubt and unrest which prevented Carlyle from settling upon any profession.

"Strive as I might, there was no good running; so obstructed was the path, so gyved were the feet," wails Teufelsdröckh.

The summer was a time of truce and consequently of greater quiet. The following winter was to be another battle with the Tempter, in which at last Carlyle would find deliverance. His description of Teufelsdröckh after the "thick curtains of night rushed over his soul" would apply fit his own state in this summer:

In short: on no grand occasion and confusion, neither in the joy-storm nor in the woo-storm, could you predict his (Teufelsdröckh's) demeanor. Curious it is indeed, how with such vivacity, conception, such intensity of feelings above all with these unreasonableness habits of Evangelicalism in speech, he combines that wonderful stillness of his, that stoicism in external procedure.

For the third time, Carlyle returned to Edinburgh the following winter, determined to attempt literature at all hazards. The period of Unbelief was rapidly drawing to a close; his time of Reprobation was to be pardoned; and the Conversion of the Everlasting No was to rush like a stream of fire over his soul.

Of his resolve to enter upon a literary life Carlyle writes to his brother:

I feel quite sick of this dreivelling state of painful illness. I am going to be patient no longer, but quieting study or leaving it in a secondary place I feel determined to find something stationary, some local habitation and some name for myself. I shall enter upon the writing life, the unmercenary, the lecturing, any life in short but that of country school-master.

In another letter:

I was thoroughly aiming toward literature. I thought in audacious moments I might perhaps encourage waxes that way by honest labor—how, to help my finances; but in that too I was painfully sceptical; talent and opportunity alike doubtful, alike incredible to me, poor down-trodden soul.

Again:

It is a shame and misery to me at this age to be chiding about in strenuous illness, with my heart in the game of the where I have so much to win, no outlet for the restless faculties which are there up in moulting and slaying one another for lack of fair quarters.

Turning to Teufelsdröckh's confession we find the same strain:

But for me, so strangely unprosperous had I been, the net results of my workings amounted as yet simply to nothing. How, then, could I believe in my strength when there was as yet no manner of work done? I was not yet a man; my powers, quite feeble, quite feeble, quite feeble, remain to me insoluble. Hast thou certain Faculty, a certain Truth, such even as the most have not, or at least the complete Dullard of these modern times? Alas! the fearful Unbelief is unbefield in yourself. And how could I believe? . . . Do we not see a strong, ineffectual spirit oppressed and overwhelmed from without and within; the fire of genius struggling up among fuel wood of the greenest?

In truth, Carlyle's prospects were brightening. He was slowly becoming conscious of his literary ability and was having more regular literary employment; but ill-health still continued and also the doubting fiend still harassed him:

So it had lasted, concluded the wanderer, so had it lasted, as in bitter protracted Death-gony, through long years. Lived in continual middleling pining fear; tremulous, pusillanimous, apprehensive of I know not that. Full of such Lumber and perhaps the miserablest man in the whole French Capital or suburbs, was I one sultry dog-day, after much perambulation, toiling along the dirty little Rue Saint Thomas de l'Enfer. When, all at once, there came a thought within me and I asked myself: What art thou afraid of? Wherefore, like Charad, dost thou forever fly and wander and go cowering and trembling? Despicable thing! what is the sum total of the worst that lies before thee? Death? Well, death, and say the names of Tothet too, and althut the Devil and Man may, will or ran do against thee? Hast thou not a heart? Hast thou not suffer whatsoever it be; and as a Child of Freedom, though outcast, trample Tothet itself under thy feet, while it consumes thee? Let it come now; I will meet it and defy it; thus had the Everlasting No peeled unavailingly through all the recesses of my being, at my Me.

Carlyle himself bears witness to this experience being his own.

Inquiry had led to doubt and doubt emboldened and dispirited him till he had quipped with it and conquered it.

It is his biographer's statement. And Carlyle with Teufelsdröckh rejoiced in the gift of the Raphometic Baptism vouchsafed him, his voice sounding clearly throughout the trumpet notes of triumph:

Yes, to me also, entangled in the enchanted forest, demon-peopled, doleful of sight and sound, it was given after wearied wanderings to work out my way into the higher sunlit slopes of that mountain which has no summit, or whose summit is in Heaven only. Name it as we choose; with or without visible Devil, whether in the Natural Desert of rocks and sands, or in the impenetrable Maelstrom of selfishness and baseness, to such temptations we are all called. Our Wilderness is not an Arab's in an Arabian Desert; one forty days are long years of suffering and fasting; in countless to these also comes an end. Let him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may dawn into day, lay this other precept well to heart, which to me was of irrevocable service: "Do the duty which best near thee" which thou knowest to be a Duty! The Situation that has not its Duty, its Ideal, was never supplied by man. Yes here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy Ideal; work it out therefrom; and working, believe, live, be free.

It is here, then, that the spiritual maturity of Teufelsdröckh commences says the Editor of his hero, and we recognize as he proceeds that it is of no fictitious character but of himself he speaks:

We are henceforth to see him work in well doing with the spirit and clear aims of a man. He has discovered that the Ideal Workshop he has painted for is even this same Actual Ill-furnished Workshop he has so long longed to stand in. He can say to himself: "Tools? Then hast thou Tools? Hast thou not a brain, furnished, furnished with some glimmerings of Light, and three fingers to hold a pen nib? Awake, arise! Speak forth what is in thee; what thou hast given thee."

By this Art, which were still any such things degenerate into a handicraft, adds Teufelsdröckh, have I henceforth added. I thank Heaven that I have now found my calling; wherein, with or without perceptible result, I am intently diligently to persevere.

Two more passages in which the Editor predicts the future of Teufelsdröckh, and have we not Carlyle before us? the temptation met and conquered, the armor girded on, ready for his great life-work?

The whole energy of his existence is directed through long years on one task; that of enduring pain, if he cannot cure it. This every where do the suns of things oppress him, withstand him, threaten him with fearful destruction; only by victoriously penetrating into things themselves can he find peace and a stronghold.

The Inscription.

NV 1.

They wrote upon the wedding ring,

"Till death us part."

Love untidied every sting

And soothed each smart;

Till Death swept by on drowsy wing,

And stilled one heart.

She wrote upon the well-worn ring,

"Till death unite."

Lonely the captive heart did sing

Through sorrow's night;

Then Death in pity came to bring

Her, too, to light.

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Dulce Est Desipere In Loco.

Why are the Gymnasium rules paradoxical?
Because they are a permanent change.

First Critic. That was a fine sermon preached last Sunday, simple and right to the point. There was nothing flowery about it.
Second Critic. You forget the illustration of the bulb and the orchid.

"Seriously, dear, let us give up the use of slang," said she. "For my own part I have decided to make a brace and turn over on my English."

Fair maid of St. Louis in distress: After spending all the morning soaking and filing and polishing! My pet finger nail is cracked. How cruel is Fate!

Sympathetic Yankee room-mate: "What you say of Fate is true. 'There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will.'"

What worse disappointment can the students befall
Than to find in their soup no oysters at all?
So out tripped the maidens each with a tureen,
To bring back a few oysters—their object, I ween.
But out in the kitchen to their sorrow they heard
That their soup was but broth with clam flavoring stirred;
So back came the maidens looking meek as a lamb
And set down the soup without even one clam.

For the benefit of several of our strong minded girls who were absent from the Thursday evening meeting, we repeat what Miss Patrick told us of the Turkish Inspector who visited her school in Constantinople.

"I hear you read the works of Shakespeare, Milton and William Pitt here," said he.

"Yes," replied Miss Patrick.

"It won't do! It won't do! Their ideas are altogether too free. There's the play of Julius Caesar! That will remind the girls of the assassination of Sultan Assiz, and then that dreadful sentence of Pitt's, in italics, too. 'I never, never, never will submit.' We cannot allow our girls to become familiar with such sentiments as that."

What was the name of that Sultan Miss Patrick said was assassinated?
Assiz.—Abdol Assiz.
Assiz. As is! As was would be better under the circumstances.

Let the whole College be on the *qui vive*. The Junior class pins are about to appear with heliotrope for their class color and flower. Something pretty must be coming, but no one but a '90 can tell what; still the following bit of conversation may be suggestive:

1st Junior: "Honestly, I am just stuck on our pins, aren't you?"
2nd Junior: "Well, not exactly impaled. I take more pleasure in feeling sure they will all be stuck on us soon."

Nothing but school-ma'ams! The Englishman shook his head, and turning to the President remarked: "This Wellesley life is very beautiful. Ah! But, ah! doesn't it interfere with the girls' chances?"

"Chances? What do you mean?"

"Why! Chances, you know; chances for marriage!"

Some what different from the opinion of the Englishman, is that of the Greek lady, Calliope Kechayia, who, talking with one of our Faculty about Wellesley ways which she would like to introduce in her school so far away, mentioned that fairy-like vision, the Junior Promenade. She understood that the Faculty took care to provide an extraordinary number of young men for this occasion, and that each maiden took her chosen one down the lonely, embowered pathway leading to the Cape of Good Hope (Tupelo), whence, in the happy moonlight, she came back, promised.

Let some one should heave a sigh for our unselfish Faculty, we hasten to give an illustration which may seem to show that they are not neglectful of their own interests. The other day two gentlemen called to see one of their number, and the parlor soon hummed with sweet and cheerful tones. Suddenly came one of the fateful silences, broken by a high, clear treble of calm decision:

"Well, Mr. — will you make the definite proposal, or shall I?"

In order to bring us down to the true matter-of-fact Wellesley world we feel obliged to add that the proposal was made concerning a mere matter of business, and to introduce "Poor 92's" lines upon

"OLNEY'S UNIVERSITY ALGEBRA."

Oh, what visions dire and dreadful
To the Freshman brain are brought,
When the words so strange and lengthy,
With such awful meaning fraught,
Break upon her youthful fancies,
Like the sounding of a knell,
And she shudders and shudders ever
At the "Mathematics Bell."

Dreams of home, perchance, and friendship,
—Maiden reveries so sweet—
All must vanish like the snowflake,
And her fate she goes to meet.
She must find the "f function,"
"Differentiate" it, too,
And the "Formula of Taylor"
Gives her heart-aches not a few.

The "Binomials" seem like demons
Haunting her at every pace,
And the "Unknown Coefficients"
On her spirit leave their trace.
But the "Locs of Equations"
Blots out everything—save woe—
And with fearful voice she falters—
"How can I to *Pnekle* go?"

"High Equations" finish Freshmen,
And in dumb despair they sink,
Roots are there, "ad infinitum,"
But they've lost all power to think.
And the plus signs and the minus,
With the roots of "nth degrees,"
All Infinities and Zeros
And the rational "A, B, C's."

Heart-ache, head-ache, all together,
Sense of overwhelming fate,
To her couch, with these, the Freshman
Cometh, but 'tis rather late.
In the morning, lo, they find her,
Stark and cold upon her bed,
But one hand still clasps the "Olney,"
Though the maiden's life has fled.

Intercollegiate News.

The annual income of Oxford University is \$6,000,000.

Harvard gave its first degree of LL. D. to George Washington.

Among the 559 women who have graduated from the fourteen leading women's colleges and seminaries in the United States, only 177 are married.

Ex-President Andrew D. White of Cornell desires to see an immense university in the city of Washington. He thinks that an institution at that city could be made one of the foremost universities in the world, and that it would wield a great influence over the character of study and life at the capitol.

For participation in the recent Washington's Birthday scrape at Wesleyan, six students were suspended for the rest of the year, and eleven until May 1st. No action was taken in Hubbard's case.

The Jewish community in London will, says the Jewish Chronicle, soon receive a rare guest in the person of a lady bachelor of arts of the Bombay University, Miss Miriam Samuels. She is the daughter of a Persian merchant settled in Bombay, and has obtained her position at the university solely through private instruction. Miss Samuels intends to study medicine in London, with the view of practicing as a doctor in India.

The two Argentine universities, under the patronage of the governments, are among the best in South America, and rank with Yale and Harvard in curriculum and standard of education. The public school system also is under the patronage of the government, under a compulsory education law, and includes all grades from the kindergarten to the normal school. There are thirty colleges and normal schools for the higher education of men and women in the republic, and 2,726 public schools.

The Mail and Express of New York has been inquiring into the average annual expenses of the students at the principal colleges of the United States. The figures are supposed to include tuition, books, clothing and such other expenses as are necessary to maintain the students' respectability in class and college. The lowest extreme is given in the following figures: Harvard leads the list at \$800; then comes Yale at \$750; Rensselaer Polytechnic, \$650; Columbia, \$540-600; Tufts, \$500; Brown, \$500; Princeton, \$450-500; Williams, \$450-500; University of Pennsylvania, \$450; University of California, \$450; Michigan University, \$400; College of the City of New York (tuition free), \$400; Vassar, \$400; Smith, \$350-400; Boston University, \$375; Wellesley, \$350; Bowdoin, \$350; Bates, \$300; Colby, \$250-300.

Our Outlook.

Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller has been lecturing on "Dress" in Chicago to large audiences, and with great acceptance.

Now that the Prohibitory Amendment is submitted in Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Pennsylvania, many women are discovering that they would like to vote.

Mrs. Bishop, better known as Miss Isabella L. Bird, the celebrated traveller, is about to start on a new journey, perhaps the most adventurous she has yet attempted. It is in the interests of Medical Missions. She may visit Afghanistan, although she has been warned that the attempt is perilous. The chief danger is that she may be taken and detained as a cook for the remainder of her days, the Afghans being very fond of European cookery.

La Revue Internationale de l'Enseignement for February 15, 1889 brings us the following statistics. There were in 1888 two hundred and seventy-one women, holders of college or university degrees, studying in the several Faculties in Paris with a view to a doctor's degree or other university honors higher than the bachelor's degree; for example, in Licence or l'Agrégation. Of these, two studied law; one hundred and seventeen medicine; ten, pure mathematics or science; one hundred and forty-two, belles-lettres or philosophy.

And thus wrote Governor John Winthrop in his day and generation. "Mr. Hopkins, the Governor of Hartford upon Connecticut, came to Boston and brought his wife with him (a godly young woman, and of special parts), who was fallen into a sad infirmity, the loss of her understanding and reason, which had been growing upon her divers years, by occasion of her giving herself wholly to reading and writing, and had written many books. Her husband, being very loving and tender of her, was loth to grieve her; but he saw his error when it was too late. For if she had attended to her household affairs and such things as belong to women, and not gone out of her way and calling to meddle in such things as are proper for men, whose minds are stronger, etc., she had kept her wits, and might have improved them usefully and honorably in the place God had set her."

Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner of Labor, says:

The Boston Women's Educational and Industrial Union is an organization from which emanates the broadest and most typical work of women. It is unsectarian. Its well-stocked reading-room and parlors are open at all times. It provides classes in twenty different subjects, and varied lectures and entertainments. It secures wages unjustly held from working women. It investigates advertisements offering work to be done at home, and if fraudulent, women are publicly warned. It procures situations for the unemployed, and sells on commission the proceeds of women's industry. It has opened a lunch-room where a girl may eat and where a varied bill of fare may be had at moderate prices. The Union has been active in securing the appointment of police-matrons in cities. It distributes a circular setting forth the main features of the law regarding agreement for wages, a week's trial, giving notice of intention to leave or dismiss, forfeiture of wages, breakage of articles, compromise concerning wages, the poor debtor process, hiring of rooms and detention of trunks. One of its attorneys makes a specialty of looking up titles to furniture, where a woman hires a house and buys the furniture in it, not knowing whether it be mortgaged or bought on the instalment plan, and so not actually belonging to the seller. It has exerted an influence far beyond its own city, and other cities have formed similar organizations.



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Way Stations—10:15 A. M.; 3:35, 7:00 P. M.
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